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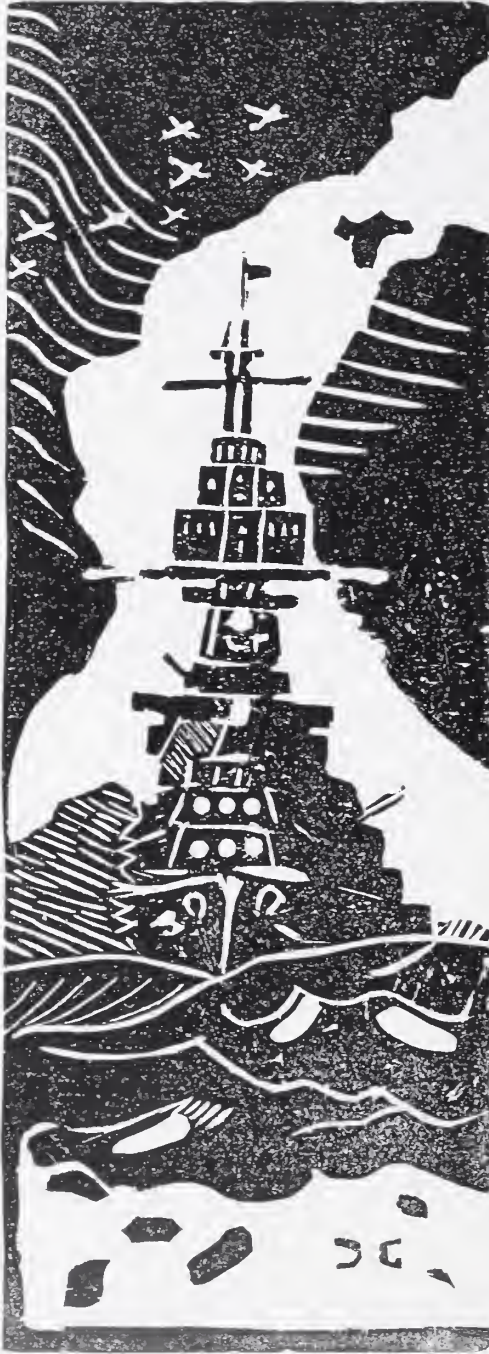
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The Kid



The gray ocean swells blended with the ominous clouds. The lashing wind dashed the stormy whitecaps against the bow of the ship, and with each huge wave she rose and fell like a bird fighting its way forward in a gale. The vast ocean was dotted with ships, expertly camouflaged. A small destroyer—a toy compared with the carriers, battleships, and cruisers in the fleet—was at times covered with the mountainous sheets of water. The crew was at its battle stations, with all eyes staring into the darkness.

Stationed at a portside machine gun was a youthful-looking sailor. His clear blue eyes were eagerly penetrating the dark sky for signs of enemy aircraft, and the cold ocean spray was washing over his unshaven cheeks. His sparkling eyes and his puerile face showed no evidence of fear. Both his hands were gripping the handles of the gun so tensely that the skin of his knuckles had turned white.

Confusing thoughts were struggling for possession of his mind. How clearly he remembered that cold September evening alone in his bedroom, battling with his thoughts. He was only sixteen then, but he had his heart set upon joining the Navy. He was taller than most boys of his age, with features which, though youthful, could be those of a boy a year or two older.

His little sister and he were all that his mother and father had left. His older brother John, a Marine, had been killed on one of the small Japanese Islands in the Pacific. Jim's mother, very thankful for his age, prayed every

night that the war might end before it came time for her second son to go. He knew that it would upset his mother if he ran away to join the Navy; and yet, he had a score that had to be settled.

Jim squirmed on the edge of his bed as he thought of school, for he had always enjoyed school. This, his senior year, was something he had been eagerly waiting for. He reflected on his mother's ambitions for him to become a good lawyer like his father; but his eyes strayed to the picture of a handsome Marine corporal. John had taught his younger brother how to play football and baseball and many other things. Bitterness filled Jim's lonely heart as he realized that he'd never see that smiling face again.

He made up his mind. He packed a few belongings, glanced inside his wallet, and sat down to write a note.

The next week passed so quickly that Jim could only vaguely remember its details: physicals, inoculations, uniforms, trains. At camp Jim was nicknamed the "Kid" by all the fellows, and despite his protests, the name stuck. Days gave way to weeks; weeks to months. Jim's muscles, as they grew hard and firm, became inured to the arduous tasks. He learned to think fast and to make spot decisions. Then came the happy moment when he was selected for gunner's school. At the end of ten months the curly-headed lad, to his ineffable joy, was assigned to duty aboard a small destroyer.

For weeks they cruised on minor tasks close to the home base on the Pacific Coast. But then one day they shoved off for the South Pacific, where they joined the fleet.

One day as he was finishing his chow before going on deck, the loud speaker demanded his presence in the Captain's

cabin. The lad, alarmed by the unexpected summons, hastened to the Captain's cabin. Trembling, Jim knocked softly on the door.

"Come in!"

Jim entered and saluted smartly. The executive officer returned the salute and asked him to sit down.

"You are probably wondering why I sent for you. You see, son, I have just received a cablegram from the states concerning the age of one of my crew. He ran away from home and lied about his name and age at a recruiting station. He's been in the service for one year now. You wouldn't know anything about this fellow, would you, Jim?"

Jim felt a cold sweat spread over him as he tried to stammer an answer.

"I won't embarrass you any more than I have to, son, but I might as well come to the point. That boy is you! Your mother has finally traced you to my ship, and I have orders to get you back home as soon as possible. It will probably mean dispatching one of our carrier planes at a time when every man and plane are desperately needed.

"I'm rather surprised at you, Jim. No matter what your motive, it never could be important enough to make you leave school. That's what we're fighting this war for, Jim; for you and all your friends, and their friends. We want you to get the best education possible until it's your turn to be called. That's been our heritage. It's the American way; the democratic way, Jim.

"You, and many more like you, are the America of tomorrow. We older folks expect a lot from you, and we're sure you won't fail us. I want you to promise me that you'll go back to school. What do you say, son?"

Jim's clear, sparkling eyes stared as he spoke.

"I guess you're right, Sir. But there's one thing I wish you'd let me do. You yourself mentioned that every man and weapon are needed. If you'll just let me do my part once, I won't cause a bit of trouble, and I'll promise you that I'll go back to school."

A broad smile spread over the officer's face.

"I'm proud of you, my boy. That's a bargain!"

Jim stood up and respectfully saluted.

* * * * *

Now he was on the watch for enemy aircraft. The driving wind had abated and the tumultuous waves had lost their strength. The little ship pushed on.

Suddenly, the large guns of the battleships and heavy cruisers thundered, belching forth their huge missiles. Fighter planes roared down the long runways and zoomed into the sky, hovering above the fleet like an eagle protecting her young. Enemy planes were not long in coming, and terrific dog-fights ensued. Occasionally an overambitious Jap pilot would break through the defenses and hurl his plane towards the ships. But a well-aimed burst of fire would usually explode the ship in mid-air.



Jim was waiting for his chance. Suddenly, a Zero came screaming out of the sky in close pursuit of a badly damaged American fighter. Like a hawk with his talons almost gripping the hare, the pilot had eyes only for his victim, and never noticed that he had approached within range of the destroyer's guns.

The clear blue eyes focused the sights on the plummeting body, and both fingers pumped shells towards the Zero. The Japanese pilot never knew what had happened. His left wing was ripped off, and the crippled plane struck the water with such impact that a tremendous geyser soared into the air.

Jim looked at the spot where the plane had been and softly said to himself, "That was for you, John."

MY DOG HAS . . .

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hill,
When all at once I saw a hound,
A black and white one, sitting still.
Beside a bone, among the bees,
Smelling the flowers and scratching
fleas.

RICHARD TREANOR, '49

CHRISTMAS 1944

December 25th; Christmas cheer brought to a world emerging from darkness; millions of people praying for the dawn of a new civilization.

To the rescued nations of Europe, it is a Christmas such as they have not known in many years. Once again they may kneel in prayer without posting a sentry at the window. To them, this Christmas means hope; hope that they and their children are on the threshold of a new, free world, where it is no crime to think, and dream, and love.

To the Prussian war-lord, facing inevitable destruction, it has different significance. The knowledge that the rest of the world is united in arms, a common feeling of good will, and a fervent desire for "peace on earth" must cast doubt on his Nazi creed. Now, if ever, he will understand the indestructible faith which fortifies the civilized world in its time of crisis.

In America, we greet our fourth wartime Christmas with an attitude somewhat different from that of previous years. Gone is the bewilderment which followed Pearl Harbor. In its place is a definite assurance that our armed forces will triumph on the battlefield.

This confidence is tempered by the realization that we have a much more difficult task to face when the smoke of battle is cleared away. In place of guns and intrigue there must be tolerance and charity, faith and honesty. That is the basis of an enduring peace. That is the message of Christmas, 1944.

LET'S REFORM

Usually, a graduate's clearest memories of school life center around the extracurricular organizations. This is because school clubs offer advantages to be gained from no other part of the curriculum. They grant an opportunity for a student to increase his knowledge in a particular field, and become acquainted with others who harbor similar interests. He is offered a chance of learning to express his own views as well as to benefit by the labors of his classmates.

However, some of the Latin School organizations no longer present these opportunities to a sufficient degree. The fault lies mainly with the students. A large percentage of almost every club's membership consists of boys who joined merely "to have something beside their name in the yearbook." To become members, they pay their dues, but seldom show up at meetings. All manage to be present the day pictures are taken for the yearbook. As a result of this practice, the genuine members are discouraged from arranging programs because of the lack of interest shown in their efforts.

Some of the censure may be traced to supervision; that is, when faculty advisers pay little attention to their club's operation. Closer surveillance over

membership, treasury, and elections might do much to improve the situation.

The real remedy is to have a general meeting of faculty advisers and club officers. At this assembly, definite standards applying to all clubs should be set. For example, a rule that attendance at three-fourths of the meetings is necessary for membership. To increase activity in club affairs, there might be a rule that every member must participate in at least one of the programs. When this is impossible because a club has few opportunities for individual performance, the rule could apply to Seniors only, for they are supposedly the ones to whom membership means most.

Whether these particular suggestions are adopted is irrelevant. The fact remains that something must be done, and that a meeting of those in a position to remedy the situation is imperative if our school organizations are to present the greatest possible value to the student body.

THE AMERICAN WAY

What has happened to the chivalrous days of old? What has become of the meaning of the word *gentleman*? Has the young man of today completely forgotten his manners? It is too bad to have to condemn the innocent, but their number is so negligible compared with the guilty that it cannot be helped.

Youth has always been taught to respect and be courteous to their elders; and yet to see a group of boys entering a bus, street-car, or some similar vehicle, you must wonder what has become of these teachings. Pushing, shoving, total disregard for outcoming passengers are only a few of the ugly acts of this ungentlemanly crowd. Common sense suggests that this jostling jams the entrances and lengthens the delay for the start of the car.

How many boys give up their seat to a woman alone or to a mother and her child? Why do they rush to be the first ones off when a second's courtesy to an older person would be sincerely appreciated? Certainly they don't mean to be disrespectful. They just don't think.

Several days ago, on my way home from school, I saw a sight that brought a lump to my throat. A very old woman, creeping along at a slow pace, burdened with two heavy bundles, suddenly stopped. On every wrinkle of her dry, livid face was the unmistakable sign of fear. Fear of what?

Walking briskly towards her on the same narrow sidewalk were five boys also on their way home from school. She shut her eyes and hid her face behind the bundles as the youths strode past her at a rapid pace. Why should she be afraid of a group of students on their way home from school? Was she afraid that they would push her aside and knock her down into the gutter?

Similar scenes have occurred many times, not just this once. Elderly people should not have to fear youth. We are not part of the German *Jugendbewegung*. This is America, and the American way is the gentlemanly way. Let us start now and show every respect and consideration to these people, so that they can be proud of the future generation.

THIS IS STATION WXPRTZ

DEANE GEORGE-ADIS, '45

In autumn comes school. But another horror comes with it. We regard it carelessly because it remains a vague background; yet it is a part of our life. I'm talking about our radio. In the fall all the old favorite radio programs return to the air, and we hear voices of our heroes echo through the rooms. Our mind is presumably concentrated on homelessons.

The other night I switched on the radio, and voices of comedians, slippery tunes of mad advertisements, smooth music of name bands came in—like a tornado. I had a time of it, trying to decide which program I should listen to, and the dial twirled like a pinwheel while the hours fled on their golden course. It was like this: I turned the button and a voice demanded . . .

"Men, men do you suffer from razor burns, gastric acidity, stiff necks, rheumatism, and mentalgostrophlamia? Then why not" . . . "Join the Wacs, Waves, or Spars where you are most needed. If you are twenty-one years old or over, have no children under eighteen, and have no" . . . "Fleas. Large, black fleas. Think of your poor dog. Go to the drugstore first thing tomorrow and buy a bottle of Dr. Morgan's Mange Medicine, guaranteed to" . . . "blow your top off! Yes, tomorrow's installment will do just that. Listen and find out what happens to" . . . "people who use Listrodent Tooth Powder always have fine, white teeth and win the praise of their dentist, who no longer will put in new fillings or put your" . . . "Lights Out. This is Starch Blobber again bringing you a story of the supernatural, the supernormal, the horrible" . . . "teachers who run our schools. Daily our children are being" . . . "killed by the thousands. Within

a week they'll all be killed. And your dog will have found relief from fleas by means of Dr. Morgan's" . . . "meningitis and calistrophomia. Next time take a tablet of" . . . "gunpowder. And waste fats are also used in making vital medicines. Bring your fats to the nearest" . . . "comfortable Livingstone Armchair, sold at all Stanley Stores. For moderate rates come in and ask our" . . . "Mr. Anthony will solve your problems. Now, the case of Mrs. T. S. Go ahead, ma'am. Mr. Anthony, last week my husband" . . . "escaped from the circus and is still roving the streets. This gigantic gorilla is a man killer. If you should see him in the streets, report immediately to the" . . . "I. D. Videm Undertaking Establishment. Expert care is taken of our patients. We" . . . "Bring 'Em Back Alive, now playing at the Keith-Metropolitan. You will thrill at the man-eating crocodile" . . . "who keeps his hair well groomed by using" . . . "Socony grease, Socony oil, and Socony gasoline" . . . "and remember, the next time you brush your teeth use" . . . "an Ajax lawnmower—it covers the ground swiftly, it covers the ground efficiently; it covers the ground" . . . "recaptured by the Russians in their counter-advance to the northwest, and the Germans are steadily retreating to" . . . "The Lux Radio Theatre of the



Air, with Cecil B. DeMille. Tonight our play is 'Casablanca' and the leading stars are" . . . "Venus, Mercury, and Mars at this moment are five miles closer than they were five minutes ago and in not less than fifty thousand years they will collide and furnish the sky with a glorious spectacle of light. Other heavenly bodies are" . . . "Ginger Rogers and Hedy Lamarr. Tomorrow I'll be back with more screen gossip and until tomorrow I remain Jimmy Giggler, your" . . . "most treacherous enemy. To wipe out this dreadful scourge buy more War Bonds and S" . . . "Swan Soap, the bar that breaks in two. The next time you take a bath use a bar of Swan and soak yourself comfortably in a foamy" . . . "bowl of Cheerioats. They make a delightful noise — pop, bop, snap, and bong — and you will be so delighted that you will" . . . "kill yourself! Kill yourself! Ha! Ha! Ha! In a moment we will return to the smashing climax of Dick Fosdick versus Flatface. But now, have you ever tried Leather Tough Chewing Gum? It gets in your mouth so cool and refreshing; it gets" . . . "into your hair and roll up tight and remains there overnight. So, ladies, buy Miranda's Miracle Curling Set and in the morning your hair will look like" . . . "The Face on the Bar-room Floor,' sung now by that dulcet-toned" . . . "Humphrey Bogart will return for the second act of 'Casablanca' in a moment. Lux toilet soap is good for all kinds of faces: a tender face, a sensitive face, a" . . . "Flatface, that scourge of the underworld, is again on the loose. Will he be caught? Will he make good his escape in the stolen" . . . "Ajax lawnmower which cuts grass with greater efficiency and swiftness than" . . . "Superman! Faster than a speeding bullet, faster than" . . . "Mother Murphy's Molasses sold at all drugstores and counters, only ten cents

Come in and buy some tomorrow; come in and" . . . "Call for Philip" . . . "Jerk-tinkle. Jerktinkle. The bell rang twice on the door of the small boarding house in your District Attorney's county. Harrington stood close by, his fingers nervously clutching to" . . . "a bar of Swan! Rub it over your face and see what a" . . . gruesome, horrible effect it will have on you. Stop inflation; stop black markets; and, above all, stop" . . .

Physical Education Program

The Physical Education Department, under the guidance of Messrs. Fitzgerald, Cleary, and Dolan, promises this year to drag some of the mounting monotony out of the average period by means of a new program already underway in some classes.

It includes inter-squad and eventually inter-platoon competition in hand wrestling, the standing high and broad jumps, tests in chinning, push-ups and sit-ups, and all that goes with this "Superman course." A list of company, platoon, and squad champs is posted on the bulletin board in Room 118. The *Register* will at a later date publish the names of these All-Latin stars.

A smartly-dressed woman entered an exclusive restaurant and sat down. The menu was printed in French, but the woman intended to show the waiter that she had an education which matched her elegant dress.

She took the bill-of-fare in her hands and studied it with great diligence. Then she pointed with a long fingernail at a certain item near the top of the card and in a pompous tone said to the waiter who was bending over her shoulder: "'Garçon, to start with, I'll take some of that!"

"I'm sorry, madam," said the servant, "but the orchestra is playing that."

"FATHER OF MODERN CHEMISTRY"

R. L. SIDMAN, '45

1944 marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth, and the 150th anniversary of the death, of Antoine Lavoisier, "Father of Modern Chemistry."

One hundred and seventy-five years ago, chemistry was quite different from what it is today. Then there was no uniformity; the science, if it may be called that, was a jumble of mysticism and contradiction. There was no lack of chemical facts, but no one understood their meaning and relationship.

The man who put them together was Antoine Laurent Lavoisier. In his first original work, he showed signs of genius. *He weighed his materials!* This sounds amazing to us, for we are accustomed to weighing from our first day in a chemistry room. However, up to that time, the qualitative, not the quantitative, method held sway. With a precision scale and other equipment, the young Frenchman transformed chemistry into an exact science. His methods gave facts, eliminating guesswork and theory. Modern technique and equipment are a direct outgrowth of Lavoisier's insistence on precision.



At the age of twenty-nine, the chemist began his experiments on combustion. He found that a substance absorbs air while burning. Then combustion must be the union of the burning substance and the air, or some part of it. He realized that by proving this

truth, he would bring on a revolution in chemistry; for, up to that time, men thought that a magic substance called "phlogiston" caused combustion. His progress bogged down at this point, when he was side-tracked by Black's "fixed air," now called carbon dioxide. The difficulty was straightened out when Priestley, the Englishman, who had just isolated the gas we call oxygen, visited his French contemporary, and told of his achievement. This was all Lavoisier needed, and after much painstaking work, he proved his theory of combustion. As an example of how revolutionary the young scientist was, Priestley himself believed to the end of his life that oxygen was "dephlogisticated air."

By 1785, most French scientists were converted to Lavoisier's ideas and methods. Two years later, he suggested a reform of chemical nomenclature. With the adoption of his system, chemical names changed from poetic flights of fancy to plain formulas. Thus, he had accomplished a revolution, complete with new terminology, at the age of forty-five.

During this scientific change, another revolution was taking place in France. The French people were rising from slavery to freedom. It was freedom, but not liberty — unbridled, surging freedom which found its medium of expression in the Guillotine. After the revolution came the Reign of Terror, claiming Lavoisier among its victims. He died on the Guillotine, May 8, 1794.

France did not realize on that black day that Lavoisier's work would do more to alleviate misery than the work of any other man, with the exception of Sir Isaac Newton. She forgot that he had fought for the rights of the people while he held public office; that he had

transformed French gunpowder from the world's worst to its best; that he had humanized the hospitals and the prisons. Many of his ideas were not carried out until modern times,—ideas such as state old-age and unemployment insurance, free education, and agricultural experimentation.

Today we are making tremendous ad-

vances in chemical research. We are adopting the ideas of other nations and improving on them; we are using marvelous new equipment. In other words, the modern chemical industry is continuing the course first charted by the resourceful and daring Antoine Lavoisier, "Father of Modern Chemistry."

O TEMPORA, O MORES!

In his first satire, Juvenal explains his reason for writing. "Who, pray, is so passive to the injustices of the city, so iron-hearted, that he can restrain himself in the sight of the fabulous prodigalities of the rich, or the swelling breed of political informers who gain mean riches and the inestimable abhorrence of all decent citizens by wrecking the destruction of honest men, or the descendants of Rome's oldest families begging their daily sustenance from their less unfortunate friends?" He goes on to explain that he will take life with all its passions as his theme; these passions were never more openly displayed than at this time in Rome, when gambling, gluttony, and avarice were at their height. "*Haec non agitem?*"

And so too have many men felt about their times and societies. Looking back across the stretching years, we perceive a few men that eminently stand out as bemoaners of the state of mankind: There are Horace, Erasmus, Rabelais, Voltaire, and Swift, to mention a few; men who recognized the vices and excesses of their ages, and derided or bitterly assailed them in terms of vituperation that even today catch our eye. But besides these giants of letters, there are others who have expressed their distress at society. Nay, almost every minute of every day there must be

somebody lamenting, "How the times have changed! What has happened to that good old-fashioned virtue?" Indeed, as long as men have looked upon the rest of the world with a smug saintly feeling, they have thought that civilization was, in their own life-time, at the nadir of corruption.

This sort of pessimism has always been manifest. Why? Vice will always exist in an urban society. Men of idealism, scrutinizing their environment, must inevitably be stirred by some higher sentiment. However, vices are not new. Avarice, obscenity, profligacy, intemperance, and prodigality are as old as human relations. And seeing this, the man of good and noble thoughts believes humanity is deteriorating.

This is not so. A temperate view is that the ratio of vice to virtue is more or less constant. Today, as much as ever before, we should hold this consoling fact in mind. As a result of war conditions, our Puritan ideals may have become somewhat lax; the world is in the throes of, or on the verge of, great social movements; our idyllic "Christian" morality seems blemished. But men will not get much worse or much better. Let us remember, therefore, that this "appalling state" is not novel nor peculiar to our times.

—M. P.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The new and improved *Register*, we find, has made a hit. From the entire nation—Maine to California—and even from the fighting fronts — the South Seas to Germany — letters have flowed into our office both *pro* and *con*.

We are indeed deeply touched and will endeavor to keep the magazine up to the standards which have found favor. As our mail is too large and our space too limited to give an entire picture, we have printed four full-length letters, each from a person in a unique wartime circumstance. These four types, we believe, set up the model on which these thousands of letters have been written. . . .

Dear Editor:

Do you realize how much your magazine aids the war effort? We are a small family in California which has witnessed the *Register's* growth in popularity way out here. We live in a trailer camp on the grounds outside the Lockheed war plant. You may think it is a rather vagabond or Boy-Scoutish mode of living, but it suits *us* favorably, and there are thousands of *us*. The only flaw in a trailer-house is not the living convenience, but the narrow windows. On chilly nights the wind beats through the flimsy windows, whether they are open or not.

Our problem was difficult, for unless this situation was remedied, it threatened the walkout of thousands of employees and the closing of the plant. But, miraculously, an issue of the *Register* from way out Boston-way appeared, and someone discovered that it suited our needs perfectly. The *Register* was exactly the same size as the small trailer windows. It fits snugly. Its thickness is on the nose of perfection. It patches up windows and cracks neatly and effectively. It even adds a

colorful appearance within. The *Register* has saved the day, has saved the trailer camp, has saved the plant's production schedule. You have done a swell job. Congratulations from all of us to all of you.

(Signed)

MR. AND MRS. WINN DOW PAINE

[*Editor's Note:* We had no idea that our humble publication played such an immensely important part in our country's industry, and we are happy to receive your report. You may be glad to know that the thickness of the *Register* has been standardized to thirty-six pages. Now you may replace your window paddings safely every month with fresh copies, assured that you'll receive the same amount of protection and comfort.]



Dear Editors:

Dis is de reason fur witch I read yer mag, and why I'm tankin' ye. I got a little kid, see; and whin I wuz a kid, I never had priveleges. I never had nuttin'; so I wanta live ta see me kid get all da breaks. I'm a successful racketeer, and I've pervided fur me kid's edjacation. Whin he wuz too years old, I had privut tooters learn him Chineez, Hindoostance, and Grik. When

he was tree, they started in Franch, Goiman, and Spaniteh. Now he is fore, and, suddinly to me eyes, I see dat he is wakin' up ta dat witeh is around' him, ta de America in witeh he lives. Me kid, y'know, ean't speak English, and I don't want him ta learn—not yet, anyhow. Y'see, I didn't wanna get him ta learn English first becuz it never got me or any udder kids anywhere fast or speshul; but I notiees dat dem ritzi-pants sociuty kids learn udder tings first and get ahead, sure enuff. Dat's how I see it. I tried ta talk me kid out af it, but he studied English seerutly. Finally, we made an agreement (I got de best uv de bargain)—I gives me kid me O.K. ta read de *Register*. Now, between you and me, we know it just ain't English, and he can't possibly learn de langwiteh dat way. So, y'see, de *Register* serves me interests and dat's why I get it. Yers trulce, JOE DETRIMENTO

[*Editor's Note:* We thank you, Mr. Detrimento, for your ten-year subscription, but at the same time we must warn you that in ten years your son will have pieked up enough English to get by . . . yes, with the *Register*.]

* * * * *

Dear Editors:

A short word as to your swell magazine, because I'm too busy fighting to write much, and the censor will take out a lot, anyway. . . . The mosquitoes, gnats, and bugs here in the South Sea Islands are so abundant and pesky that we're after them every minute of the day. Now, thick magazines and flimsy newspapers as swatters were inappropriate for our continuous task. We discovered, at length, that the *Register*, which some alumni of Latin School happened to have, saved us lots of time and trouble, due to its material make-up and resilience. Those bugs drop faster than Zeros. Thanks.

(Signed) PFC. I. SWATTUM

[*Editor's Note:* Try it on the Japs.]

* * * * *

Dear Editors:

Our boy, aged eight (I am his aunt), is a very sensitive child. Until last month he had shoeeking nightmares. No doctor's prescription could save him from this torture, which he might have to endure all his natural life. No pills, no sedatives, no drugs could knock this fatal nonsense out of his system. We were frankly worried until, quite accidentally, we got hold of a copy of the *Register* and gave it to our boy at bedtime as a joyful medium for peaceful sleep. And to our horror (and admiration) — after reviewing the cover, cartoons, and stories, he threw the book up to the ceiling, bent upwards from bed with a ghastly shriek, and fell back on his pillow like a log.

At last, dear Editors, we have discovered a cure for our boy's mental delusions. Each night we provide him with a new copy of the *Register*, and each night, to our delight, he is knocked unconseious in less than five minutes' reading, and thus sleeps the night through in a coma, engaging in no horrible dream fantasies.

The *Register* succeeded where all doctors and drugs failed! Thank you, thank you. Oh, thank you so much for your noble service.

(Signed)

MISS PENELOPE KNIGHT MERE

[*Editor's Note:* We are happy to render such service for the benefit of mankind, but we may accept no honors, as we do it wholly unwittingly, you may be sure. If it were within our power, we should make the *Register* a weekly publication in order to furnish you with sufficient nightly copies. However, let us know if your supplies run short, as we can send you a list of other school magazines, which you may use at your own risk.]



THE EVOLUTION OF AN ADVANCED PHILATELIST

RICHARD L. SIDMAN, '45



Almost every one of us, at one time or another, is bitten by the philatelic bug. The effect of the insect's venom varies considerably with the age and financial condition of the victim. Thus far, medical science has been unable to decipher the underlying symptoms of this universal malady, but a pamphlet published by an unidentified professor at the Pulse Normal Medical School has done much to bring to the fore certain definite trends in the evolution of the advanced philatelist — or, to the bourgeoisie, “paper-chaser” extraordinary.”

According to the pamphlet, most embryonic philatelists are struck between the ages of seven and one-half and ten and three-quarters. *Quantity* is the quintessence of their collecting interest in that period, and he who has the “most-est and beautifulest” stamps is the kingpin of the neighborhood. Whether a stamp be stained, smeared, creased, ripped, torn, or mutilated almost beyond recognition is irrelevant. As long as it can be identified by the local “hawkshaws” as a philatelic item, it is of priceless value to its proud owner.

As the rising philatelist grows older, he begins to delight in searching for stamps from far-off countries. Such oddities as a revenue stamp from West

Chelsea, or a North Overshoe octagonal-shaped precancel are mounted with special care in his now overflowing album. Immediately upon returning from school, where he has been diligently studying all day, the young enthusiast will run to the neighborhood meeting-place and engage in some swapping. To cheat one of his friends is furthest from the mind of this upright young American. “Outshrewd” is the word he uses to describe some of the shady proceedings.

After a lapse of a few years, during which he has forgotten about the king of hobbies (in order to devote his spare time to the cultivation of feminine friendships) our young high school lad decides to return to the fold. He is not, however, content to resume the methods of his earlier youth. After several lengthy discussions with “those who know,” and a personal interview with Mr. Anthony, our colleague makes the momentous decision to specialize in the postal adhesives of just one country! Gone are the days when any old stamp would fill the bill. His shiny new two-dollar-and-twenty-cent album was made to house only the most perfect philatelic gems. Now, on his Friday afternoon sojourns through the back alleys of Boston's stamp district, he



takes extreme precaution to select only perfectly centered, immaculate, fully-gummed copies. Any ultra-minute flaw renders the stamp worthless to this "philatelic gourmet."

After high school and college, the young man marries and settles down to a quiet life. A fat income from three West Roxbury wildcat oil fields allows him more luxuries than even his boyhood dreams envisioned. But wait—does this product of our modern educational system spend his surplus cash on a new television set, a mink coat for his wife, or a chemistry set for his six-year-old twins? Not on your life—the

cad spends every extra penny on the rarities needed to complete his collection. Why, the very day before his wife's birthday, he was seen spending \$2,456.43 for a magnificent item (the "e" in the word "Postage" had a dot in the extra loop near the right-hand corner). No wonder his wife refused to speak to him for 37 days—lucky man!

At the end of his treatise, the professor stated that he had intended to delve more deeply into the subject, but has now abandoned the plan, convinced that the malady is incurable, and had best be left alone by the still rational members of the human race.



DID YOU KNOW THAT—

A certain member of the faculty has as his favorite line, "Have I told you about my apple orchard?" . . . Mr. McGuffin in a lecture on the English alphabet and its pitfalls, insisted that a man he had at one time met spelled his name "Photi," and pronounced it "Fish," (Ph as in *phone*, o as in *women*, and t, as in *nation*). . . . Once a very, very long time ago (and this isn't a bed-time story) no one was allowed to remain in the School more than four years. . . . In 1679 it was suggested that those attending the School should contribute what they were able towards the upkeep of the masters. Indians were excused. Ugh! . . . Headmaster Gould (for the information of those in Classes VI and IV-B, who don't know), is responsible for the system

of misdemeanor marks. "Lupus in fabula." . . . In 1889 Latin School played a practice football game with Tufts. We won 6-0. . . . The *Register* was not the first B. L. S. publication. The *Literary Journal* was. The *Register* was first published in 1880. . . . In the February, 1937, issue of the *Register*, an interview with Eddie Cantor can be found. . . . English and Latin together once put out a magazine called the "Bedford Street Budget." (Subscription was eight cents per copy; later it was dropped to two and one-half cents. . . . Contrary to all rumors, Benjamin Franklin did not graduate from Latin School. He attended for one year, in which he fulfilled the equivalent of three years. . . . In 1700 the Proctor School was Latin's bitter rival. . . .

THE BLUE LIGHTS FLICKER

ALVIN ARONSON, '46

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players;
They have their exits and their en-
trances. . . ."

Since the days of Thespis, opening nights have meant havoc for the managers, producers, authors, actors, and all concerned in the birth of a new play. So, seven o'clock rolled by once more—as fate stepped in.

Every two or three minutes, the stage door would suddenly be flung open, and another actor would dash in, pausing only a moment to smile at the stage manager and then burst down the stairs toward the dressing-rooms. As if this well-known smile was a cue to the stage manager, she ran her blue pencil through the program, crossing off "hopeful's" name. One less name to cross off. . . .

The props had all been placed in their habitual spots, and a stack of programs was lying on a nearby shelf. The electrician was skimming over his cues along with the curtain man. The author and the director were playing two of the star roles, and they were occupied in providing their costumes and make-up. As for the remaining actors, they were all clad in their costumes and waiting for the make-up man to paint their faces. The costume designer, who was also playing an important role, was frantically running around to take a last look at everyone's costume.

Above all this tumult a piercing cry rendered the loudest shout into a weak murmur: "Thirty minutes to curtain call!" And as if in rhythm, every heart seemed to beat faster as a train picks up speed until . . .

Every so often, you'd suddenly bump into an actor who seemed to be trespassing one of the dark corners you wished to steal to — to take another glance at the five or six lines you have to say. [As for last night. . . . The dress rehearsal was disagreeable to all (not the fault of one person, but everyone). At the beginning, the director, without any airs, told everybody that if there was anyone who wanted to fool around, "to get the - - - out"; and that was that.]

Then another cry, shriller than the first, rang through back stage: "Fifteen minutes to curtain call!"

The play was now part of every one. They had given it their hope, ambitions, and dreams and had stuck through it when even the director felt like quitting. It had been many years since a small group of men had thought up the ideas for this play, and now their endeavors would become a reality.

Time wouldn't wait and didn't. No matter how fast the rate of every pulse increased with the passing of another minute, they were to be reborn at 8:30. "Five minutes to Curtain Time."

The crowd was no longer lingering in the outer lobby. To the noise of the audience settling in their seats, the blue lights flickered, the house lights dimmed, and the curtain went up on Act I Scene I.

Out of the proscenium arch, a lone figure was reading from a manuscript to an eager, crying mob. "When in the course of human events it becomes. . . .

(Mind you, the play's still enjoying a successful run, but we've never been satisfied with the final curtain.)

That's your cue. We're waiting for you to pick it up. Neither is Eugene

O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, or Clifford Odets going to make that draft.

Well, then? Let's go. Ready? "Five minutes to go!!"

The asbestos curtain is being rung

up. The audience is no longer smoking in the outer lobby. The blue lights are flickering, signaling the throng back to their seats, the house lights dim, and CURTAIN GOING UP!!!!

THE ORIGIN OF $C_2X_2T.N.T.(Z_5F.X.)Y$

There it lay, wrapped in red and green paper, decorated with miniature Christmas trees. It was the hope of my career, the light of my ambition. With trembling fingers, I unwrapped the blue box to gaze on large, red letters: "Gilbert Chemistry Set No. 13: to be used *only* after thorough reading of text."

After straining my eyes under the supervision of a Senior on the utterly unintelligible reading matter, I proceeded with Experiment 107. This seemed to be the simplest and most harmless of all, consisting only of two measures of potassium nitrate, one measure of strontium nitrate, one measure of sulphur, one measure of charcoal—and, as in all very thrilling suspense stories, a drop of glycerine.

The product of my ingenious mind was finished—a disinfectant for the grape stain on Junior's knickers. I put the sticky mass on a Petri dish and left it overnight. During the night, as

I lay dreaming of streptococci, I saw the black substance which I had created, turn crimson, pale green, and royal purple.

The next morning, after I had eaten my Wheaties, I applied my new discovery to the seat of Junior's knickers. Imagine my dismay and disgust when the grape-stain remained as purple as ever. Alas, alack, and a loss, my hopes were shattered!

But look! Near the stain was a whitish, sticky substance. I felt it. It stretched! It was durable! It was synthetic rubber! I was an inventor and a discoverer, and my name would go down in history. I quickly grabbed a sheet of paper and scribbled something to the War Production Board.

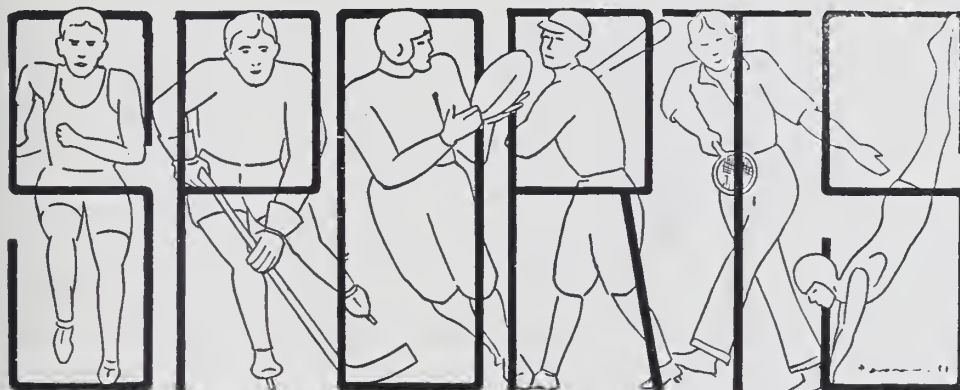
But, at the height of my ecstasy, I was horror-struck by four words (or five, says Mr. Neville) seeming to belong to Junior, "Gimme my gum back!"

RICHARD TREANOR, '49

O AUTUMN

Farewell, O fleeting autumn;
The cold winter approaches.
I love your clear, blue skies,
Your quiet afternoons,
Pierced by the scent of burning leaves;
I love tramping through the woods
With my dog, and swishing through
Your painted leaves.
I love the harvest; but . . . oh,—
Autumn, you have fled;
And I cannot bring you back.

HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46



B.C.H. - 19 - B.L.S. - 0

October 20, 1944: The shoe was on the other foot at National League Field when Boston College High effectively muffed the B.L.S. running attack while unleashing a display of its own that clicked for three touchdowns. Latin, handicapped by the injuries of many first-team members, fought an uphill battle that could end only one way; for B.C. was nothing short of terrific.

B.C. engineered its first score in the opening quarter, when the Maroon and Gold displayed a fast-breaking ground attack, highlighted by consistent runs by "the mighty Casey," to march 62 yards for a tally. However, the placement was no good. Midway through the second period the Eaglets set sail again for the B.L.S. end-zone, only to be stopped on the "Two," from where "Jim" McMorrow kicked to the "30." The half ended before B. C. High could get under way again.

In the third period B.C. started a sustained march with Casey carrying the ball from his own 43-yard line and not relinquishing it until they had scored. The kick was good, and B.C. led 13-0. Immediately the Eaglets began to roll again, but were momentarily stalled on the Latin "25," from where Fran Collins got the Latins out of

danger by a beautiful 50-yard kick, as the third quarter ended. Jubilation was short-lived, however, because a moment later B.C.'s kicker got off a 65-yard boot and Semonian was downed on the Latin "10." After Latin had kicked out, the Eaglets, led by their Murphy, ended the day's scoring with a 14-yard plunge..

The Latin line-up: Le, Rodman (Mintz) (Holland) (Donahue); lt, O'Neil (Nelson) (Dempsey); lg, R. Murphy; c, Field (Vokey) (Kenney); rg, MacLaughlin (Stone) (Finn); rt,



Mueller; re, Shields (Sullivan); qb, McMorrow (Dillon) (Connor); rhb, Greeley (Semonian); lhb, Collins; fb, Harwood.

—*The Horrible Truth*—

	1st Half		2nd Half		Total	
	L	BC	L	BC	L	BC
Points scored	0	6	0	13	0	19
First downs	0	6	0	6	0	12
Gain by rushing	9	113	3	105	12	218
Loss by rushing	0	15	6	8	6	23
F.P. attempted	0	5	1	1	1	6
F.P. completed	0	2	1	0	1	2
Gain by F.P.	0	19	1	0	1	19
F.P. inter. by	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gain by F.P. inter.	0	0	0	0	0	0
No. of fumbles	1	2	1	1	2	3
Fumbles recovered	0	3	0	2	0	5
No. of punts	4	0	2	1	6	1
Ave. of punts	20	0	40	65	26	65
Runback of punts	0	14	0	5	0	19
No. of penalties	0	1	0	1	0	2
Yards penalized	0	15	0	5	0	20

B. L. S. Defeats Memorial by Powerful Air Attack

October 27, 1944: The Purple and White aerial attack clicked on all cylinders; and, as a result, the Latins rolled a 20-0 win over Roxbury Memorial. The accent was strictly on passing as Latin scored two of her three touchdowns directly by the air lanes.

Latin started to roll from the opening whistle, and the surprised and rather sluggish Memorial aggregation found itself mired on its own "34." At this point the ball was centered back to "Franny" Collins, who immediately scampered thirty-four yards to pay-dirt. As usual, the attempt for the extra point was missed.

The second quarter was scarcely un-

der way when "Jim" McMorrow faded back; and although almost snowed-under by the Memorial forward wall, he lifted a forty-three-yard pass that "Bill" Shields grasped on the "20," eluded two would-be tacklers, and raced for the end-zone. Then it happened! . . . McMorrow rushed the extra point, and Latin had scored its first extra point of the season. The half ended before Latin could score again.

Latin's third and final touchdown came as a direct result of two penalties against Memorial and a short pass from McMorrow on the "8" to "Bill" Shields on the "1," from where he stepped over the goal-line. "Bill" Greeley then rushed the extra point to bring Latin's total to 20.

Throughout the fourth period the traditional football nemesis, the fumble, cramped the offensives of both elevens to such an extent that it was merely a question of which team would be the first to capitalize on its opponents' miscues. However, neither team offered any serious threats, and the end of the game found Boston Latin in the lead, 20-0.

The Latin line-up: Le, Mintz (Sullivan) (Quinn); lt, Stone (Early); lt, Murphy (Finn); c, McLaughlin (Kennedy) (Doyle) (Field); rg, Nelson (Manin); rt, Mueller (Dempsey) (E. J. Murphy); rt, Shields (Donahue) (Rodman); qb, McMorrow (Ardolino); lhb, Collins (Connor); rhb, Greeley (Barton) (Dillon); fb, Semonian (Curran).

—*Drops from the Showers*—

If they fixed the leak, maybe the showers would stop dripping. . . . In the locker-room after the Memorial game, the famous Generalissimo Amsie congratulated "Charlie Fitz" and the boys on their wonderful showing. . . . So hard was Latin pressed by B.C.H.

that we had the ball exactly nine times during the game and six times were forced to kick. . . . For a little man, Walter Harwood can really hit that line; in fact, he looks like a jeep in action. . . . Latin's passing attack in the Memorial game was decidedly powerful, with eight out of twelve completions. . . . Brought along my slide-rule to the Memorial game, remembering last year (36-0). . . . Latin had a water-boy at the Memorial game who measured four feet tall or 121.92 cm., to you illustrious math students. . . . We offer our sincere condolences to "Dick" Vokey, who will not be able to play in the English game because of a broken bone. He is a fine football player player and a credit to his team. He has played hard and cleanly to win. When the English game comes, you can be certain that Fran will be there cheering his team on to victory.

—Game Statistics—

	1st Half		2nd Half		Total	
	L	M	L	M	L	M
Points scored	13	0	7	0	20	0
First downs	4	0	6	2	10	2
Gain by rushing	92	18	22	19	114	37
Loss by rushing	13	8	0	12	13	20
F.P. attempted	4	3	8	9	12	12
F.P. completed	2	0	6	1	8	1
Gain by F.P.	75	0	75	18	150	18
F.P. inter by	0	1	3	1	3	2
Gain by inter.	0	15	18	3	18	18
No. of fumbles	1	1	4	1	5	2
Fumbles recovered	2	0	2	3	4	3
No. of punts	1	5	2	1	3	6
Ave. of punts	43	32	40	28	41	31
Runback of punts	53	0	8	18	61	18
No. of penalties	0	1	1	3	1	4
Yards penalized	0	13	5	45	5	58

Latin Topples St. Mark's 6-0

November 4, 1944: The Purple and White juggernaut kept rolling smoothly along as it smashed down a "rather"



plucky Saint Mark's team. The boys proved their versatility by scoring via the ground route, whereas only the week before they had done all their scoring through the air.

Latin, minus its speedster, Collins, kicked off to Saint Mark's to open hostilities between the two clubs. The Purple and White started with a bang, when a poor S.M.'s kick gave them possession of the ball on the "45." After repeated gains by Harwood and Semonian, Latin lost possession of the ball when a pass of McMorrow was intercepted on the S.M.'s 25 and run back ten yards. The action of the remainder of the half revolved mainly around midfield, but the Saint Mark's team passed up the better scoring chance when they staged a march of 55 yards to the Latin "ten," only to be stopped dead in their tracks by a rejuvenated Purple and White line.

The boys from Avenue Louis Pasteur came out full of fight after the half-time intermission, and it didn't take them long to capitalize on an intercepted pass by Harwood. McMorrow "eeled" his way for twenty yards to the "one," and then hurdled the Saint Mark's frontier for the touchdown. The extra point was missed, but it mattered little. The remainder of the game was



strictly a defensive one with the two teams battling tooth and nail up and down the gridiron. However, the boys in Purple came closest to scoring as they staged a 52-yard drive to the Saint Mark's 23-yard line, highlighted by a forty-seven-yard run by Harwood. It was truly a hard-fought game and a victory well-earned.

The Latin line-up: Le, Mintz (Rodman); lt, Stone (Dempsey); lg, Murphy (Manin); c, McLaughlin; rg, Nelson (Finn); rt., Mueller; re, Shields (Sullivan); qb., Barton (Dillon); rhb, Harwood; lhb, Semonian (Greeley); fb, McMorro Ardolino).

Several of the Saint Mark's players wanted to know who "that fellow wearing Number Seven" was, declaring that he made every other tackle and smeared the opposition repeatedly in the first half. They were referring to "Bert" Rodman. . . . The whole Saint Mark's School, 160 pupils, plus such celebrities as Pernokas, "Babo" O'Keefe, etc., turned out for the game. . . . Afterwards, the two teams were presented with delicacies in which the Boston Latin boys again proved their superiority by out-eating the opposition. . . . The Latin boys have adopted the Saint Mark's cheer: Saint Mark's, Saint Mark's, Saint Mark's Rah. Rah. Rah. Rah. Rah. . . . Heard at the game "Calling Doctor Spillane, come

to the locker-room (with your bag) to tape your patients." . . . If you think your *Register Reporter* is crazy, it's not his fault, for he had to watch the Saint Mark's substitutes for 48 minutes' warm up, on the side-line by doing "stluaselbmüt." . . . One of the officials congratulated "Red" Murphy on the fine showing he made. Nice going, "Red." . . . That's all. Zzzzzz.

—Game Statistics—

	1st Half		2nd Half		Total	
	L	M	L	M	L	M
Points scored	0	0	6	0	6	0
First downs	3	6	5	2	8	8
Gain by rushing	46	68	114	27	150	95
Loss by rushing	4	4	5	12	9	16
F.P. attempted	1	5	2	8	3	13
F.P. completed	0	1	0	0	0	1
Gain by F.P.	0	12	0	0	0	12
F. P. inter. by	1	1	1	0	2	1
Gain by F.P. inter.	5	10	15	0	20	10
No. of fumbles	0	1	0	1	0	2
Fumbles recovered	1	0	1	0	2	0
No. of punts	3	2	5	4	8	6
Ave. of punts	35	30	30	33	32	32
Runback of punts	0	0	12	9	12	9
No. of penalties	0	1	2	2	2	3
Yards penalized	0	5	10	10	10	15

—Drops from the Showers—

English Tops Latin 13-6

Thanksgiving: After a three-day steady downpour that had saturated the Harvard Stadium gridiron, over 15,000 English High and Boston Latin fans packed the best seats and saw a fighting B.L.S. aggregation succumb to a superior English High team in the last four minutes of play on a blocked kick, 13-6. Latin, led by Captain Walter Harwood, and English, sparked by capable Francis Driscoll, entered the game with abbreviated seasons—the Ohrenberger-coached eleven having split even in four games, the Latins victorious in four out of five.

English kicked off; and Capt. Har-

wood ran the pigskin back to the Latin "twenty-seven," where he was seized by the Blue and Blue horde. True to policy, Latin kicked, and McMorrow's boot was downed on the English forty-eight. Immediately the Blue and Blue began to move, but were abruptly checked and forced to kick to the Latin seven. "Jim" McMorrow and "Bill" Shields then electrified the crowd when the former kicked from the Latin "seven" to the English "forty-two," where the latter recovered the ball that the English High back had fumbled. English shortly afterwards found itself on its own one-yard line, due to a long kick and a penalty against them. At this point, English's Maloney "put toe to leather" and kicked out to the "nineteen." Latin was then stopped inches short of a first down, and the Blue and Blue kicked to safety. The remainder of the first period was featured with a kicking duel between the two teams.

At the outset of the second period, a pass and a lateral netted 30 yards for English and placed the Blue and Blue in scoring position; but an interception by Jimmy Barton culminated the drive. Jubilation was short-lived, however; for, after Latin had kicked out, English completed a 25-yard pass from Maloney to Northbridge for a touchdown. The attempted kick was no good; but English had drawn first blood. A few plays later, after McMorrow had fooled the English team by a quick-kick and Harwood had taken an English punt from the Blue and Blue "45" to the "31," the Latin rooters had their hysterics when Right End "Bill" Shields made a once-in-a-lifetime end-zone catch of a 28-yard aerial from "Jim" McMorrow to tie it up. Harwood's attempt to rush the extra-point was stopped inches short of the goal-line. Throughout the remainder of the period, the two teams

filled the air with passes, neither team offering any serious threats.

The two teams returned to the gridiron after the half-time intermission, and play was immediately resumed. Latin kicked off to the English forty-seven. English was forced to kick, and at this point Harwood amazed every one when, after he had received the punt, he reversed his field and raced twenty yards. But English was not to be denied. The winged cleats of Johnny Bowes, one of the high-scoring school-boy backs, and a hard-charging line, which forced quick openings, synchronized to push Latin back toward its goal. The period ended with English in possession of the ball on the Latin "nine."

The situation looked desperate as the Latins walked down the field to change goals. They were without the services of their aces Murphy and McLaughlin, who had been hurt at the beginning of the third period. English had a first down on the Latin "nine." The Purple and White rooters were allowed to breathe more easily when the Blue and Blue were penalized fifteen yards, but it remained for the English half of the family reunion to exalt loudest and permanently when Right Tackle "Bob" Murphy charged from his comparative obscurity in the line to block "Jim" McMorrow's punt and make the end-zone recovery that won the game.



This came with four minutes left to play; and when halfback "Johnny" Bowes added the 13 point by rushing. The scoring ended. After the kickoff Latin tried desperately to knot the count, but all in vain. Thus went into the record books the 57th game in a series that started in 1888, with English boasting 24 victories to 21 for Latin. (There have been twelve ties.)

The Latin line-up: Le, Rodman (Quinn) (Mintz); lt, O'Neil (Dempsey); lg, Murphy (Manin) (Finn); c, McLaughlin (Kenney); rg, Nelson (Field) (Stone); rt, Mueller (Trayers) (Early); re, Shields (Sullivan) (Donahue); qb., Barton (Dillon) (Curran); lhb, Semonian (Greeley) (Collins); rhb, Marwood (Holland); fb, McMorrow (Ardolino).

—Statistics—

	1st Half		2nd Half		Total	
	L	E	L	E	L	E
Points scored	6	6	0	7	6	13
First downs	0	4	0	5	0	9
Gain by rushing	31	70	2	86	33	136
Loss by rushing	0	15	0	4	0	19
F.P. attempted	7	10	7	6	14	16
F.P. completed	2	2	2	4	4	6
Gain by F.P.	32	55	12	30	44	85
F.P. inter. by	1	0	0	1	1	1
Gain by F.P. inter.	6	0	0	6	6	6
No. of fumbles	1	1	1	4	2	5
Fumbles recovered	2	0	3	2	5	2
No. of punts	8	5	4	2	12	7
Ave. of punts	34	25	33	33	34	27
Runback of punts	24	19	24	7	48	26
No. of penalties	3	1	0	1	3	2
Yards penalized	20	15	0	15	20	30

—Drops from the Showers

It is only proper that Coach Charlie Fitzgerald be mentioned first. Throughout the year he has worked many a long hour in order to train the team in the fundamentals and finer points of the game. To him we cannot offer enough praise and thanks. . . . The unsung hero



of the 1944 Boston Latin squad has been ("Red") Murphy. Murphy's great blocking has paved the way for more than one touchdown, and his tackling has helped to keep the Latin School goal from being crossed. He played all but four games of the season before he was hurt at the beginning of the second half in the English game. Hats off to a great athlete. . . . Our line from end to end was considered to be the lightest in the city. It averaged 155-pounds, while English's forward wall averaged 180 pounds. . . . The NUMBER ONE spot on my list of achievements goes unquestionably to Jim McMorrow. He ceaselessly stemmed the Blue and Blue drives by his long boots. Incidentally Jim outbooted all his Boston and Greater Boston opponents to win the inter-scholastic kicking contest at the intermission of the Nov. 19 Yankee-Brooklyn game. . . . The standouts of the English game were "Jim" Barton at quarterback; Capt. Walter Harwood at halfback; McMorrow, with his booming punting despite the game-losing boomerang; and, Jim O'Neil, Bart Rodman, and Frannie McLaughlin in

the line. . . . Eddy O'Neill was a spotter in the press-box along with English's Bobby Farrell. . . . Governor-Elect Tobin and the officials of Harvard University are offered the sincerest thanks for the use of the Stadium. . . . To Manager Walter Spillane and to those members of the 1944 Latin School football squad who warmed the bench for the greater part of the season, we wish to extend our heartiest congratulations.

Their names and pictures are never seen in the paper. They never receive any of the glory which they deserved during the last three months. . . . We also wish to thank the English and Latin bands for their performances, the ushers (furnished by the Latin School), and Stamatos and Corcoran for their wonderful guidance of the cheering sections throughout the year. . . .

ALFRED STROGOFF, '45



PATRIOTISM PLUS

All was peaceful and serene in the small but prospering town of Powersville, until one Monday afternoon it was announced that school would be dismissed for the remainder of the week so that students might aid in a drive to salvage scrap paper. A war bond was offered as a prize to the first group of boys or girls to accumulate five tons.

After school that day "Hank" Trelis called a special meeting of the mighty, mystic, and mysterious order of *Scorpions*, and it was decided that, in order to win the prize offered, the project must be dealt with systemati-

cally. For the rest of that day and on Tuesday and Wednesday pledges would be obtained from their neighbors. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the actual pick-ups would be made.

Each boy was assigned a different part of town to canvass. Among these was one "Chuck" Davis, not the brightest of the lot, but he had the urge to do things thoroughly. "Chuck" was sent to one house, that of Mr. Hardrocks, the richest man in the state. There he was greeted by the maid, who politely informed him that Mr. H. was away on business and wouldn't

be back until the next day.

After "Chuck" had stated his business, he was told that they would be glad to give him the many *Life* magazines which had been accumulating. Our hero thanked her and left. Halfway down the road, while whistling something about a trolley dancing with a dolly, he remembered that he had not left word as to when he would pick up their scrap paper. Dashing back, he arrived at the mansion, out of breath. Not wanting to bother the maid again, he scribbled a note, slipped it under the door, and went on his way.

SANTA CLAUS—1944

MERRILL R. LOVINGER, Class I

It wasn't pleasant, squatting on his thighs in the wet grass. It was Christmas morning, but no Santa Claus had visited him the night before. Even Santa Claus had enough sense to keep away from this devilish place.

What a night it had been: clothes soaking wet; legs tired and aching; eyes sore from trying to see Japs that weren't there. How had he lived through these past two months? Almost reverently he reached into his breast pocket and took out a dirty, wrinkled photograph. Even though he had looked at that picture hundreds of times during his stay on the island, it inspired him with new courage every time he looked at it. If only he could get some word from them, some letters, anything which could establish a new ray of hope within him. But no; no one ever came near enough to see the island; that is, no one but the Japs, and there were plenty of them. Yes, even Santa knew enough to stay away.

Slowly the hours crept on wings of lead. Strangely enough, the silence was maddening. Inwardly he would have liked a crack at the little brown men that moment. Slowly the sun mounted in the ever-brightening skies. Time to get back. . . . Watch was over. . . . Another day.

The following Thursday, the boys reached the mansion and were about to enter the large gates, when they were collared by four burly policemen, two members of the City Council, and what seemed to be half of the State Guard. After a few minutes of questioning the boys were released. Later, after being told the reason for the commotion, "Chuck" took sick. It seems that Mr. H., the richest man in the state, had been threatened. Monday he had received a note which said:—"Mr. H. we'll come Thursday at nine to take your Life.—The Scorpions."

There was nothing to hurry for. He knew what was waiting for him: hot breakfast of stew, something the cook never ran out of, a damp cot, a few hours of fitful rest.

When he first came to the island, he was over-cautious, trigger happy. After the first few weeks, he prided himself on being jungle-wise. Now, thinking himself safe, he relaxed. Slithering on his belly in the direction of the camp, he failed to notice the brush to the right of him part and bend. He failed to take the warning the maccaws were giving him when they flew up, screaming. His eyes were heavy with fatigue.

Two shots in rapid succession rang out. Just as if he had been slapped in the face he snapped out of his day-dreaming and hit the dirt. Too late, a bullet caught him in the leg. I guess it was more from surprise than from anything else, but suddenly he let out a hoarse cry. His Jap attacker fled.

For hours he lay there. Blood leaked from his leg. The black curtain of unconsciousness slowly spread over his brain. . . .

How he had gotten there he couldn't say, but he knew that it was still Christmas Day. The sun was shining, and in his hand was a letter from home, a

picture of the girl-friend, and a package of good old American tobacco. Now he had plenty of time to think, and think he did.

How did he get there? Who brought him? Who gave him the letters? Who sent the tobacco? To these questions there was but one answer: The Red Cross.

Yes, it was Christmas Day, and his was a good present. Santa Claus had come all right; Santa Claus, alias The Red Cross. From the moment the aide

had found him to the moment he opened his eyes, it was the Red Cross all the way.

Is there any need to urge you to help? Doesn't this story say enough? You know as well as I do that your brothers, uncles, and cousins, whether they're overseas or not, will benefit by the Red Cross. Let's make this Christmas a happy one for every serviceman, whether he is in Guadalcanal, Pelelieu, or France. Give to your local Red Cross chapter. Let the Red Cross give to our fighting heroes!

AVIATION IN POST-WAR U.S.A.

S. I. SQUIRES, '46

Since 1908 one of our ingenious inventors has worked undaunted to perfect a contraption that looks like a cross between a haybailer and a windmill, the windmill predominating. With a little of the Igor Sikorsky foresight, we might let our imagination project us to that day of the future when our ladies will venture forth on regular shopping tours in a helicopter.

From backyard cabbage patches, the oversized mosquito ascends vertically into the blue sky without so much as brushing the sharp hem of Father's bright red flannels hanging on the line. Pausing at the balcony in midair, Mother's



er's hat, shopping basket, and ration books are handed to her by Sonny, clad in a cloudy, transparent, celluloid zoot-suit. Easily and smoothly the helicopter glides forth, but suddenly Mother realizes that she forgot her shopping list.

Immediately the helicopter effects a perfect right-about-face, and back Mother goes for the list. The helicopter is capable of moving backwards or sideways with equal ease and precision. At the cruising speed of eighty miles per hour, Mother reaches her destination, a midair parking lot above the elaborate market area of the future. Lowering her basket and list, she leisurely puffs away at a pipeful of tobacco and recuperates for the next onslaught of housework while the order is being filled. About a half hour later, Mother brings home the bacon and Pa, whom she abducted from the tenth floor of a downtown glass office building.

Again, again, and again she has cleared the clothesline, and winged her way into the sky city to pay social visits. Ha, ha! If Mother or Father should mistake the goldfish pool for the driveway and make a landing there, no harm would result, for the pontoons would support the helicopter, and Mother would *positively* fry the fish.

Imagine, therefore, someone's pausing ceremoniously outside your upstairs window, as you arise from a long slumbering sleep and begin to dress. What a world for a "peeping Tom."

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. SCOTT teaches mathematics and science in 203. . . . Born in Roslindale in 1922. . . . Attended Latin School for a while. . . . Graduated from Boston College in 1944. . . . Plans to enter Boston University Medical School in June. . . . Hobbies are hockey and reading novels. . . . Works in a meat market on week-ends. (If you want a good steak, see Scott.) . . . Not married, and refuses to comment on the subject. . . . Has a very high opinion of Latin School boys.



MR. PIKE teaches French in Room 302. . . . Born in Hyde Park. . . . Graduated from English High after a brief stay at Latin School. . . . Played football in Hyde Park Suburban League. . . . Attended Colby College, where he engaged in football, baseball, track and gymnastic. . . . Received A.B. in 1898. . . . Did graduate work at Johns Hopkins. . . . Became teacher right after graduation, coming to B.L.S. in 1909. . . . Will retire at end of this school year. . . . Is married, and has four children. . . . Hobbies are golf, gardening, and bowling. . . . His proudest achievement is the High School Men's Bowling League single-string record of 166.



MR. BARRESI teaches mathematics in 329. . . . Born in South Boston in 1921. . . . Entered IV B at Latin, and immediately began to win prizes: Class of 1885 Prize '35; Classical Prize '35, '36; Approbation Prize '35; Fidelity Prize '37. . . . Attended Boston College, where he is now studying for Master of Arts degree. . . . Has been teaching two years. . . . Although not an athlete at school, is much interested in hockey and baseball. . . . Not married. . . . Believes students now are more interested in outside activities than in studying, because the pressure is not as great as it used to be.

Something of Interest.



C. C. C. M. Y.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The Interlinear Publishing Company, sponsor of the new mystery program, "Tough Situation," has graciously given up its broadcasting time tonight that we might bring you the results of today's election direct from the Boston Latin School Library.

The ballots are now being counted, but the meager reports are inconclusive as yet. All parties claim the trends greatly favor their candidate.

While waiting for more definite reports, we shall summarize the results of yesterday's primary ballot. Since a candidate who gains a majority in the primaries is automatically elected, the major offices have already been settled. The victor in a tight three-way race for President is "Jim" O'Neill. The Vice-Presidential struggle was fought between the two ends on the football team — "Bert" Rodman and "Bill" Shields, with left end Rodman emerging on top. Flash—With about half the votes counted in the Class Committee race, "Matt" Branche is leading, followed closely by "Fran" Collins and "Jim" McMorrow. The Class of '45 chose capable "Bob" Murphy to guard their thus-far non-existent treasury, and keep the class together in future years. His is the toughest job of all.

We have another bulletin on today's election. Branche still leads, with but one room left to be counted. It looks as though he will be Chairman of the Class Committees, with Collins, Mc-

list. The final report will soon be in. . . Here it is—Collins passes Branche by polling a huge majority in his home room, 303! The outcome on the Class Committee:

Collins, 303 Chairman

Branche, 301

McMorrow, 303

Kelley, 219

We shall try to interview the new officers. "President O'Neill, would you care to comment on your election?"

"It didn't cost as much as I expected—what am I saying!"

"Mr. Rodman, do you have any projects in mind for improving the school?"

"Definitely! What this school needs is hot and cold running cocoa in every room."

"And you, Mr. Murphy?"

"Can't be bothered now. I gotta get this afternoon's physics test."

On November 9th, Town Meeting came once more to the Latin School Auditorium. Classes I and II were on hand to greet it. The subject was the now rather hoary, "Shall we have compulsory military training after this war?" The debate would have proven more interesting, perhaps, to our younger brothers, for a few days before, we had been conclusively and authoritatively promised that the armed forces desired our presence, whether the war should end soon or not. The subject was presented by six members of the Debating Club with their customary excellence. The affirmative side, taken

by "Joe" Richards, Paul Kennedy, and "Pete" Hines, contended that compulsory training is necessary to prevent the outbreak of another war. Opposing them were John Corcoran, "Al" Sullivan, and Paul Kelly, who claimed that compulsory service would lead to a military clique which would take over the nation. Dr. John E. Collins, who served as Moderator, did a fine job in directing the questions from the audience, and in holding the speakers apart when the debate became heated. As an added attraction, Dr. Frederick J. Gillis of the Board of Superintendents, gave an interesting talk. Because of the enthusiastic welcome which Town Meeting received from the students, more meetings are being planned for future months.

On the Friday before Armistice Day,

Sordillo's baton, enhanced the proceedings with several lively airs. The exercises closed with a moment of silence in memory of the loyal Latinites who gave their lives for their country.

Wanted, for full-time employment—ten young men "with voices angelical." The Glee Club needs you! Meetings are held every Monday in the Assembly Hall. The officers are:
Robert L. Chaput (306) President
Matthew Branche (301) Vice-President
Arthur Kapp (235) Secretary

Peter F. Hines of Class I was selected to represent the school in the annual Oratorical Contest sponsored by the American Legion. His alternate is Brendan J. MacGovern of Class II.



Classes I, II, and III, were treated to a stirring account of the Engineering Corps in Iran. Major William B. Drummey, '12, the speaker, told of the dust, flies, bugs, and sand, which make life in the Middle East almost unbearable. Many of our masters were on the stage, as veterans of two World Wars. The Latin School Band, under Mr.

Good luck, fellows! As Shakespeare said, "To try thy eloquence now 'tis time."

Here is proof that there are plenty of "sharks" in the School. Last year, 49 Classical, 52 Modern, 44 Approbation, 52 Fidelity, and 15 Special prizes were awarded. The awards, as usual,

were books. However, this year a change is being made, in that prizes will be given out at the School, instead of each winner's going to a bookshop to select his volume.

The high schools of Metropolitan Boston are organized into the Junior Red Cross, which holds monthly meetings at headquarters on Commonwealth Avenue. The student's part is to take up collections, do art work, sewing, first aid, and take courses in mercy work. In the recent Red Cross collection, Latin School pupils contributed more than \$120.

Several Upper-Classmen took advantage of William Randolph Hearst's offer by entering the American History Contest on Friday morning, December first. The large turn-out has been attributed to various causes, the most prevalent reason being the school chemistry "exam," for which nobody was prepared. A few days later, a teacher, in

the midst of correcting the history papers, was heard to mutter, "Who ever thought I would be working for William Randolph Hearst, and 'fer free at that!"

Among the officials who are keeping some of our clubs alive are the following:

ART CLUB

David Wolf (304) President

Deane George-Adis (301) Vice-President

Edward Chandler (301) Secretary

Alfred Sullivan (301) Treasurer

LITERARY CLUB

Richard L. Sidman (219) President

Peter F. Hines (303) Vice-President

Curtis F. Ross (219) Secretary

John J. Waite (306) Treasurer

Leo E. Wesner (220) Sergeant-at-Arms

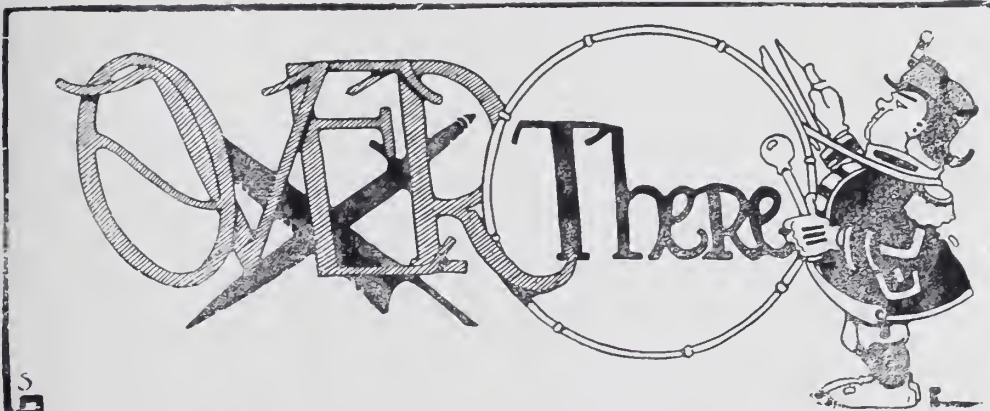
CAMERA CLUB

Alan R. Bush (302) President

William H. Traves (106) Vice-President

Herbert Goldings (204) Secretary

Leonard Radlo (204) Treasurer



As the struggle with the Axis grows more desperate and bloody, we hear of many B.L.S. graduates distinguishing themselves in the various theatres of operations as . . .

Thomas Casey, '34, now a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Field Artillery, was recently awarded the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service in the Bougainville campaign. His brother, Cap-

tain John Casey, '38 (also of the Field Artillery), holds the Silver Star for gallantry on Guadalcanal. . . .

Another Field Artillery officer, Major George Nee, has also been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for operations on Guadalcanal. The citation accompanying the decoration reads: "As battalion operations officer at Guadalcanal

from January 5 to February 21, 1943, he contributed to the efficiency of his operation and the success of the combat mission by his technical knowledge and energetic service in preparing plans for tactical operations and the employment of fire on the enemy."

Awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Government in exile, "for exceptional service in wartime," Captain Stuart Finer, '32, was serving as French liaison officer with an anti-aircraft brigade in Italy. Finer enlisted as a private in 1942 and worked his way up to his present commission. He has been overseas for more than twenty months and has seen front-line action in the North African Campaigns. He also served with the invasion forces in southern France.

Reported missing in action in the Pacific area last June, Lieutenant John Brassil is now safe, according to a recent Navy Department dispatch. Brassil holds the Air Medal "for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight as co-pilot of a Ventura Medium Bomber in action against enemy Japanese-held Miyoshino Airfield, Shinnishin Island in the Kuriles on June 14, 1944." His citation continues: "Volunteering for a mission as cover for a surface task force and flying without fighter escort or cloud protection, Lieutenant Junior Grade Brassil rendered valiant service during a glide bombing attack and, by his courageous and skillful performance of duty in the face of severe anti-aircraft fire and enemy fighter interception, aided his pilot in placing all bombs on the assigned target area." While at Latin School, Brassil was a star athlete, as our coach will tell you.

Col. Joseph J. O'Hare, '12, has recently been named by President Roose-

velt for appointment to the rank of brigadier-general. O'Hare was a star athlete at Latin School and also at West Point, from which he graduated in 1916. . . .

Latin School has recently been honored with the presence of two alumni, both recently returned from the battle areas. The first, Captain Thomas Casey, '19, of the U. S. Navy, related to the upper classes his experiences in the Pacific at the time of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and several ensuing encounters with the Japanese fleet. In the latter of these battles he served as the executive officer of the *Iowa*. Capt. Casey was graduated from Annapolis in 1923. He is now Commandant of Officer Personnel at the Navy base in Newport, Rhode Island.

The second, Major William Drummey, '12 of the Army Engineers Corps, told of the conditions in India and Iran, where he was serving. Major Drummey was one of the engineers who built the road from the Persian Gulf to the Russian border. In 1932, as Supervisor of City Buildings, he designed the present Latin school auditorium. He is now State Supervisor of Federal Housing. Major Drummey is a graduate of M. I. T. . . .

Among our older and more distinguished graduates was the late Charles Arthur Blake, '89, who died on October 23, 1944. He was an exceptional athlete here and at Harvard. Blake afterwards was a member of the first U. S. Olympic team at Athens in 1896. When the United States entered the last war, he was commanding officer of the patrol boat *Lynx*, with the rank of Ensign, U. S. N. R. F. He afterwards served on Scout Patrol *Lynx II* and on the transport ship *U. S. S. Mount Vernon*, and was promoted to the grade of Lieutenant (jg).

Mr. Wm. Sands, one of our distinguished masters, has two sons in the armed forces. The oldest, Lt. Colonel Charles Eliot Sands, '24, is now in England instructing future "Amgot" officers, whose job will be of the utmost importance as our forces occupy more territory. Kenneth, '38, now Dr. Sands, a First Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Medical Corps, is serving overseas in New Guinea. . . . Frederick, '37, is a chemist with the Hood Rubber Company, Chicago, doing vital war work.

The annual banquet of the Boston Latin School Association was held on Wednesday, November 22, at the Hotel Gardner. The attendance was good in spite of the fact that a large number of Latin School alumni are serving in various branches of the armed forces.

The speakers of the evening included the following well-known graduates: Mr. Samuel Silverman, '11, master of ceremonies; Mr. Lee J. Dunn, '24, to

whom thanks are due for untiring efforts which, as usual, made the banquet a success; Major M. Cook, who has seen much action in the South Pacific; Coach Charles S. Fitzgerald, '14; Governor-Elect Maurice J. Tobin (not a Latin School alumnus, but a rooter just the same), and Headmaster Joseph L. Powers, '96. The main speaker of the evening was Mr. Fred P. H. Pike, French teacher in Room 301, who is to retire this year.

As a special feature, mystifying and delightful sleight-of-hand and magic tricks were performed by several Latin School alumni. Following this act, movies of football scenes of the season 1943-44, and current event shorts were shown to the amusement of all.

We look forward to next year's banquet with the hope that we shall again see the faces of those Latin School alumni who are now in the armed services.

BAND AND LANGENTHAL

ALUMNI OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL DECEASED IN WORLD WAR II

Harry Aharonian, '33, Navy
Lt. Arthur S. Applebaum, '37, AAF
Pfc. Edwin F. Benson, '40, Marines
Pvt. Andrew G. Biggio, '44, Army
Lt. Thomas J. Burke, '35, AAF
Capt. Joseph T. Cannon, '30, Army
Ens. Melvin G. Carr, '27, Navy-Aviation
Lt. John F. Cheney, '32, Navy
Lt. Edward R. Conroy, '40, Marines
Lt. Francis Costello, '37, AAF
Capt. James R. Dowd, '36, Army
Pfc. Gerald L. Fitzpatrick, '41, AAF
Lt. Forrest T. Foss, '33, Army
Lt. John R. Heffernan, '38, Navy
Lt. Bradford K. Herman, '37, AAF
Ens. Stephen J. Joyce, '31, Navy
Lt. Charles J. King, '34, Navy
Capt. Richard Labovitz, '34, Army
Pfc. Morris Land, '34, Army
Capt. Andre N. Laus, '33, Army Engineers
Maj. Clarence Levin, '23, Army

Lt. Walter H. Louney, '36, Navy
Lt. John P. Lyons, '36, AAF
Lt. Arthur H. McDevitt, '36, Army
Pvt. John W. MacDonald, '42, Marines
Lt. Thomas E. McGrath, '38, Army
Lt. Warren McMurray, '35, AAF
Lt.-Comdr. Lawrence McPeake, '19, Navy
Lt. Thomas J. Madden, '36, AAF
Lt.-Comdr. Edward P. Manning, '28, Navy
Lt. William J. Monahan, '39, AAF
Lt. Joseph W. Moulton, '40, AAF
Capt. John J. O'Brien, '32, Army
Sgt. Sidney Olansky, '30, Army
Lt. Philip Reece, '42, AAF
Lt. Llewellyn Richards, '33, AAF
Lt. Thomas M. Roddy, '35, Navy
Lt. John F. Russo, '33, AAF
Mid. John J. Smith, '41, U.S.M.S.
Lt. Charles Stepanian, '37, AAF
Lt. James T. Sullivan, '35, Coast Guard
Lt. John F. Sullivan, '38, AAF

Missing

Lt. Saul M. Glick, '38, AAF
Lt. Leon M. Shektell, '36, AAF
Lt. John J. Murphy, '40, AAF



THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Oct. 16: Well, here's a new month and ye R.R.R. starts another trip around ye olde institute. Members of the Glee Club cleared their throats at their first meeting today in the recesses of B 12.

Oct. 17: Heard in Room 123 at 11:40 A.M.:

Teacher (1): I want a big strong boy to do an errand for me.

Teacher (2): Here is one right here!

Teacher (1): Mail this postcard for me, willya kid?

Oct. 18: Classes V and VI got the happy tidings today that on Friday they are to miss the last three periods because of Public Declamation. Class I learned that it will not only pay for the programs, but that it will go to that ancient event TWICE during the year.—MMOOOAANN!!!

Oct. 19: Will the wonders of Science ever cease? It has just been learned that it is now possible to take a six-mile walk—lay a sidewalk—erect a brick wall—and do some minor repairs around a thirty-room mansion, in the time it takes to eat a hearty breakfast—blow up a three-story house—and climb a mountain. Mr. Cheetham, you're a genius.

Oct. 20: Sighs, cries, moans, groans, and other audible sounds are adding to the din. Mercury bottles were put safely out of the reach of desperate seniors. Why all this? MARKS

CLOSE TODAY.—Oh, yes, and we did lose a football game.

Oct. 23:

Roses are red,

Violets are blue,

My report card's red,

How about you?

Yup, they're here again!

Oct. 24: All friendless wanderers, (*Register* agents), will find their headquarters moved from Room 117 to Room 228.

Oct. 25: The Office of Milk Distribution was the scene of battle today as the B.L.S. chess team had its weekly practice. Two unfortunate Sixth Classmen, after a furious combat, were carried out with sprained fingers.—Moves were too hard.

Oct. 26: The weekly practice of Pre-induction training was instituted today. Movies entitled "The Causes of the War" were shown in the hall. Just as the best part of the movies was reached, sabotage (a broken bulb) prevented the showing of the film. Those German agents sure get around.

Oct. 27: The end of a perfect week; eh, wot? After a very interesting talk by Captain Casey, your roving reporter went out to Braves Field this "apres-midi" to watch B.L.S. roll over Mama Memorial, 20 to 0. Yahoo!

- Oct. 30:* Ye R.R.R. was informed today that Art Week had begun. Perhaps this will explain that mysterious drawing seen in Room 213.
- Oct. 31:* "Gee whiz!" "Wha'd'ya know!" and other such exclamations were heard during a very interesting meeting of the Camera Club. Traves gave a lecture on the advantages of various types of cameras. However, Mr. Traves secretly believes that the best way to get results is to use the human eyes; eh, son?
- Nov. 1:* The bulletin announced today that the use of translations and answer books was strictly forbidden. But, sir! I shoulda known I couldn't bribe those guys!
- Nov. 3:* Election returns have come in.
- Nov. 6:* Jittery seniors gradually became aware of the fact that soon blood will be squeezed from stones; in other words, certain sums of money will soon be extracted from their pockets. Oh, well, you graduate only once. (Said with fingers crossed.)
- Nov. 7:* Unusual hubbub was heard in the library during the home room period today. It seems that the photographer, after taking a few snaps of some of the more handsome Seniors, quietly passed out before he had a chance to take ye R.R.R.'s picture. Lucky him!
- Nov. 8:* Aspirants for Declamation medal fought it out today after school. Classes IV and III will be entertained this time. Lucky!!
- Nov. 9:* A very enlightening debate on "Post-war Induction," combined with the Pre-Induction training course, informed your jabbering journalist that he too may be drafted.
- Nov. 10:* Major Drummey of the Class of 1912 held Classes I, II, and III in breathless suspense as he told them of his experiences in India and Iran.
- Nov. 13:* *Register* agents once again donned their shoulder pads and bullet-proof vests as the big drive to collect the second quarter got under way.
- Nov. 14:* Members of the Camera Club were invited to attend a demonstration of developing and printing today. Just as Traves closed the door, two G.L.S. seniors walked by. Traves let out a yell, an uproar developed, the result of which will not be printed.
- Nov. 15:* Seniors of the third floor developed their bombing eyes today as a result of which the basement floor is slightly slippery. There were no bombs available, so soft plums and squeezed oranges were used instead. Disgusting!—Music appreciationists were treated to a concert of Brahms's fourth today, at the end of which concert an unbeliever had to be forcibly ejected because he preferred Artie Shaw to Brahms. Zounds!
- Nov. 17:* The mad monster of 304 was disappointed today. Swimming classes were postponed until Nov. 27. —Marks closed. Finis.
- Nov. 20:* What did she mean last night when she called me "cookie" because of my crumby appearance!
- Nov. 21:* Unannounced bursts of cheering echoed through the school today as the pupils prepared themselves for the Thanksgiving Day football game.
- Nov. 22:* Ye R.R.R. settled down in his seat today in preparation for the long Thanksgiving sleep. Ye R.R.R. certainly has something to be thankful for: Report cards were postponed until after the vacation.
- Nov. 23:* Up! Down! Up! Down! Yeah! Boo!—Oh, Nuts!! Wait till next year! (NOTE: E.I.L.S. won.)
- Nov. 24-26:* Zz ZZ Zzzzz YAWN! No French, no English, no Math., no nuttin!

Nov. 27: What a feeling to walk into class without fear of not having your homelesson.

Nov. 28: All candidates for the Quiz Kids report to Room 108. Hey, Joe, do you know any operas?

Nov. 29: "Aw! but, Dad, he's a tough teacher!" Yup, report cards are out again!

Nov. 30: Yahoo! Short cheer for the weather man! No school today because of rain. Zzzz! Zzzz!

Dec. 1: Ye R.R.R. finally lays down his pen after writing these silly scribblings for three hours, seventeen minutes, and ten seconds.

Dec. 4: Well, another deadline!!! Here I go, crawling up to that man in Room 235.

O REVWAR!!

Looking in upon a Class IV (Caesar) Latin Class—

Master: Who was the strongest man in Rome?

Wit: Caesar.

Master: Correct. Now, explain why.

Wit: He pitched his tent across the river

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

FROM

306

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON TO THE

FACULTY AND STUDENTS

FROM ROOM 223

We are the "students" of 121
 Who send our greetings to everyone;
 We are so lazy
 That our teachers go crazy,
 But please don't get sore
 If we can't think of more
 Than a long vacation in '44.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

CLEARY'S CLOWNS OF 118

Walshe	ZAhka
Chamberlth	Vernick
ChroniS	LeEroy
CougHlin	BaRton
LooneY	VokeY
COx	DeMpsey
GoUld	WoodwEl
EArlle	GeRshlack
KaplaN	Elder
RotonDi	McEleaney
Y	FoX
ROche	UMbriago
U	ConstAntine
FaheRty	ConviSer
CumMings	
FLAnnery	
GasSiraro	
Teehan	
PEarce	
PalmerR	
PappaS	

OUR FACES ARE CLEAN

OUR NECKS ARE DIRTY

BUT A VERY MERRY XMAS

FROM THE BOYS OF

ONE-THIRTY

We are the boys of 104,
The finest room on the bottom floor,
And we are the lads who have done so well
In spite of Sirs Weinert, Cray, Finn and Cannell.
But strangely enough we have done best of all (????)
With the cold air "method" of Mr. Rosenthal!!

WE WISH ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS,
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Joyeux Noël et une Bonne Année

à tous nos professeurs

de la part des étudiants

de Salle 301

THE BOYS OF
ROOM 114
SEND BEST WISHES
FOR A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL

We are the boys of 234
Studying to us is an awful bore
During vacations we are not
blue
So may we wish a Merry
Christmas to you

We Have Many Marks
both Red and Blue
We Bring Home our Marks
and Get Black and Blue
In spite of All This
MERRY XMAS to You
From the Morons and
Geniuses of Room 202

MERRY XMAS
FROM THE
"Scattah-brains"
of 106

We are a bunch of morons,
Thick, stupid and dumb;
But we know enough to send
greeting to all!

From the
BOYS OF 221

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR
FROM THE
BOYS OF 222

Masters five
We're still alive
We wish you well
And a gay Noël
FROM THE BOYS
OF 235

PAX IN TERRA; VOLUNTAS
AD HOMINES.
FROM 209 TO
Messrs. Gilbert, Gordon,
Benson, Wilbur, Getchell

Room three-thirty-five
 A class that's alive
 Shouts a ringing cheer
 Which all masters hear
 For a right Merry Christmas
 And a Happy New Year.

Christmas and the New Year
 are here once more.
 So here are the
 Greetings of 224.

We are the boys of 324
 We got all we want,
 We hope we don't get any
 more.
 Our marks are red
 And we're black and blue
 But we still want to wish
 Merry Christmas to you.

We, the boys of one-thirty-
 one
 Send hearty greetings to
 everyone
 To Mr. Powers and the rest of
 our teachers
 Who give us lectures and
 stirring speeches.

B RICKLEY'S
 RAINY
 RATS
 EQUEATH
 OUNTIFUL
 LESSINGS

For a
 MERRY XMAS

ROOM
 304
 SENDS GREETINGS
 TO ALL (The last we hope)

S CULLY'S
 CREWY
 CHOLARS
 END
 INCERE
 ALUTATIONS

For A Merry Christmas
 And A Happy New Year

THE INTELLIGENTSIA
 OF 303
 Send Xmas greetings from we
 to ye.
 Merry Xmas is all we can say
 For by New Year's we'll be in
 IA.

ROOM 215
WISHES
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO EVERYONE

THE BOYS OF 210
WISH A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL

DEAR SANTA,

GREETINGS FROM

218

ALL THE
SCHOLARS OF 208
Send Their Heartiest
Christmas Greetings to
MR. BENSON
and to the boys over there

HOPKINSON'S
ILARIOUS
UMOROUS
OODLUMS
EAVE
UGE
APPY
OLIDAY
OURS

McLAUGHLIN'S
ERRY
ORONS

Send Greetings
To All the School

Here are . . .

CHRISTMAS WISHES
GALORE
from

THE BOYS OF 124

Christmas and the New Year are
here once more,
So here are the greetings of 224.

A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM ROOM 135

Best Wishes to Messrs.
HENNESSEY
FINN
KINNEY
NEMZOFF
from 103

We of Room 214
Extend Good Wishes
To All, For a
Very Merry Christmas

ROOM 207
Wishes to Express a
Merry Xmas
and a
Happy New Year
to the
Faculty and Student Body

COMPLIMENTS

OF

ROOM 133

Dedicated to Messrs.
McLaughlin, Peirce, Collins
and O'Callahan

Our marks are not blue
But were sending to you
Best wishes for Xmas
From
1 2 2

Roses are red, violets are blue
How about a little less home-
work to do.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR
From the inmates of cell
1 1 6

Room Three thirty-five
A class that's alive
Shouts a ringing loud cheer
Which all masters hear
For a right merry Christmas
And a happy New Year

The Morons From 329
Wish Everybody
A MERRY XMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

ALL THE YOUNG GEES
OF 302
WISH A MERRY XMAS
TO ALL THE OLD
HAMS!

FREDDIE
ROSIE
DANNIE
PHIL
MR. LUCEY
C —?—

A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

To Messrs.
Dowling
Callanan
Hennessey
O'Donnell
and
Barresi

From the Inmates of 129

THE MEN OF 219
WISH TO EXTEND
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
TO ALL

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
FROM

SCOTT'S
CAMPERING OF
CATTERBRAINS 203

MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM
THE BOYS OF 211

Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year
From Room 220

A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM 322

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL OUR MASTERS
AND FELLOW STUDENTS
ROOM 132

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL
FROM ROOM 102

A
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO
MR. MAHAN
FROM THE BOYS OF 204

THE BOYS OF 325
WISH EVERYONE
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO EVERYONE
FROM THE YOUNGSTERS
OF 323

Nos Pueri Classis CXXIII

Toti Scholar

Hilarem Christi Nativitatis Diem

Felicemque Annum Novum

Fare Speramus

Joseph R. Phillips

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